MUSIC - UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
3 1761 11132958 7

Old Rhymes with New Tunes

M
1990
T47
05
1912

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
University of Toronto

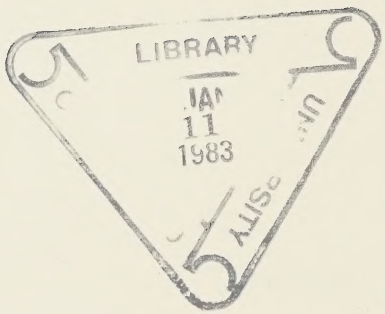
https://archive.org/details/oldrhymeswithnew00terr_0

Nellie

from

John

OLD RHYMES
WITH
NEW TUNES.



M
1990
T47
05
1912

To my little daughter Marion

The king was in his counting-house.

OLD RHYMES WITH NEW TUNES composed by RICHARD RUNCIMAN TERRY.

ILLUSTRATED BY GABRIEL PIPPET

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW. London
New York, Bombay and Calcutta
1912

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Wake up.	page 9
Cock-a-doodle-doo.	11
Hush-a-bye baby.	12
Georgie Porgie.	13
Baby baby Bunting.	15
Sing a song of sixpence.	16 & 17
Doctor Foster.	19
Ladybird ladybird.	20
Little boy and little girl.	21
Little Miss Muffet.	23
Humpty Dumpty.	25
Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake.	27
A child's Grace.	28
Little Jack Horner.	29
Dapple Grey.	31
Hey diddle-diddle.	32

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

The King was in his counting-house — page 4

My Dame has lost her shoe — 10

Daddy's gone a-hunting — 14

He never went there again — 18

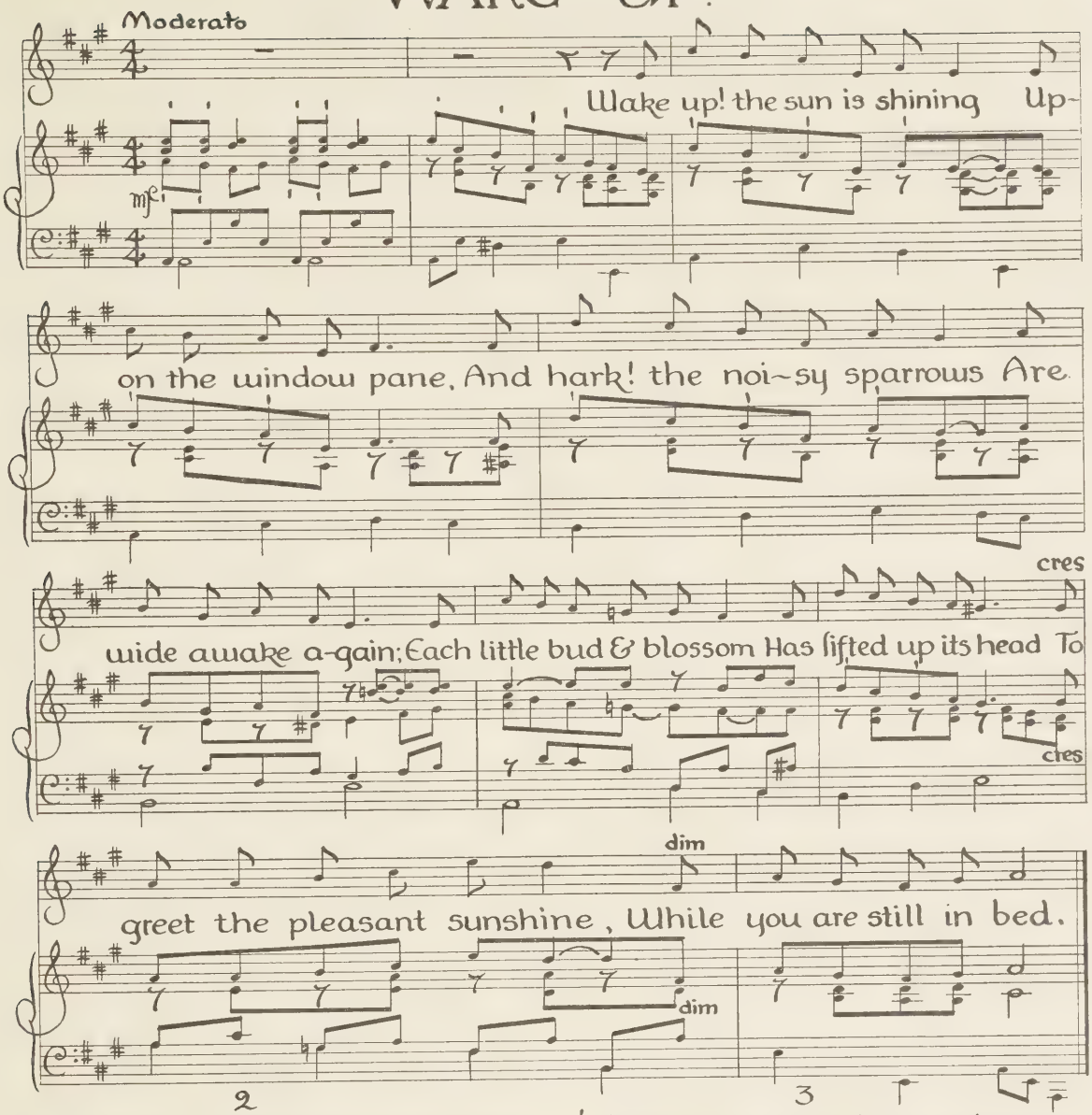
There came a GREAT spider — 22

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall — 24

Bake me a cake as fast as you can — 26

To ride a mile away — 30

WAKE UP!


Moderato
mf
Wake up! the sun is shining Up-
on the window pane, And hark! the noi-sy sparrows Are
cres
wide awake a-gain; Each little bud & blossom Has lifted up its head To
cres
dim
greet the pleasant sunshine, While you are still in bed.
dim

2

The sun himself has risen
To call them, long ago:
And he has tried to wake you
This last half hour, you know.
The merry little sunbeams
Have travelled, Oh, so far!
Have crept between the shutters
In spite of bolt and bar.

3

'Twas time, indeed, to wake you,
At last they seemed to think;
And shot their golden arrows
Through every hole and chink.
Then wake, and, like the flowers,
Lift up each sleepy head,
It is too bright a morning
To waste it all in bed.

B

~My dame has lost her shoe~

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO.

Allegro

f

Cock-a-doodle-doo! My

f

f

p *cres poco a poco*

dame has lost her shoe. My master's lost his fiddling stick and

p *cres poco a poco*

f

doesn't know what to do. Cock-a-doodle-doo My dame has lost her

f

Ped

shoe. My master's lost his fiddling stick & doesn't know what to

Accellerando

do Cock-a-doodle-doodle-doodle-doodle-doodle-doo.

Accellerando

HUSH-A-BYE-BABY

Andante espressivo

mp

Hushabye baby on the tree top.

p

mp

Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped *

cres

When the wind blows the cradle will rock. When the wind ceases the

cres

Ped *

sf

cradle will fall. Down will come cradle and ba-by and all.

sf

Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped *

GEORGIE PORGIE

Allegro vivace

mf

Geor~gie Por~gie

f

mf

pudding and pie, Kissed the girls and made them cry

When the boys came out to play, Geor~gie Por~gie

ran

Glissando

a~way

Daddy's gone a-hunting.

BABY BUNTING

Allegro vivace

Mummy sings.

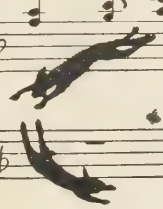
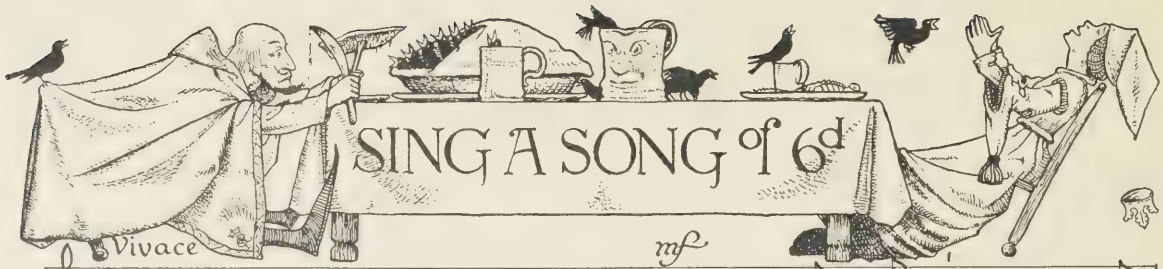
Baby, Baby Bunting, Daddy's gone a-

hunting, To get a little rabbit skin, To wrap the Baby Bunting in.

Baby, Baby Bunting Daddy's gone a-hunting. Daddy's gone.

Baby speaks. Mummy sings in reply,

Where's he gone? Gone-a-gone-a-hunting.



SING A SONG of 6d

Vivace

mf

Sing a song of sixpence; a

f

mf

pocket full of rye. Four & twenty blackbirds baking in a pie.

rall

When the pie was open'd the birds began to sing. Oh!

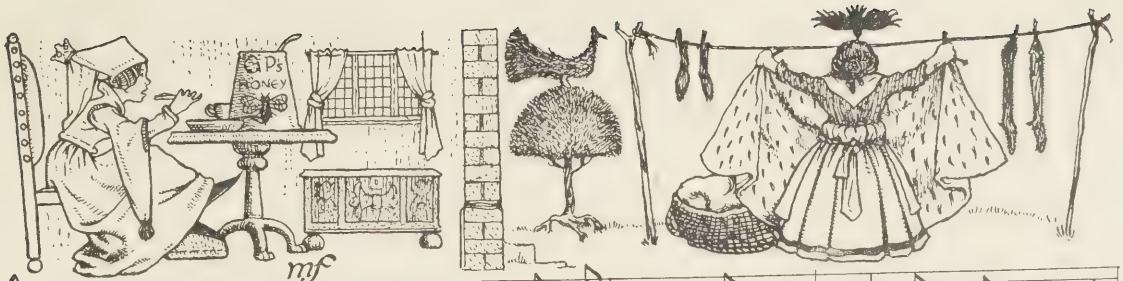
Presto

A tempo

wasn't that a dainty dish to set before a king.

Presto

f A tempo



mf

The King was in his counting-house counting out his

mf

money., The Queen was in the parlour eat—ing bread and

rall

honey. The Maid was in the garden a-hanging out the

rall

A tempo

Adagio

clothes; When by came a black-bird & pecked off her nose!

A temp

Adagio

He never went there again—

DOCTOR FOSTER

Slowly and pompously

Staccato

mf

Doctor Foster went to Gloster

mf

Legato

p cres

In a shower of rain. He stepped in a puddle, Right

sf

up to the middle; And never went there a-gain.

sf sf sf

p misterioso

Doctor Foster never went there a-gain.

mf p

8va

LADYBIRD LADYBIRD

Andante

mf

Lady-bird, Lady-bird, fly a-way

mp Andante

Ped ✻ Ped ✻ Ped ✻

home. Your house is on fire, & your children will burn.

cres

Lady-bird, Lady-bird, fly a-way home. Your house is on

cres

Ped ✻ Ped ✻

dim

fire, and your children will burn.

dim

ff

ff

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE LITTLE GIRL

Song.

Andante moderato

dim

There was a little boy & a little girl lived in an

Ped Ped

Cres rall

alley. Said the little boy to the little girl,~"Shall I, Oh shall I, Oh

Ped

a tempo

shall I? Said the little girl to the little boy~What shall we do? Said the

rall

p

little boy to the little girl,~I will kiss you.

p a tempo

Ped Ped

There came a GREAT Spider!

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Allegretto giocoso

mf

Little Miss Muffet, She

f

mf

p

sat on a tuffet To eat up her curds and whey. There

p

cres

came a great spider And sat down be-side her And

cres

molto

frightened Miss Muffet a-way.

molto

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall

HUMPTY DUMPTY

Allegretto

p misterioso

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,

ff Allegro confuoco *rall* *p Allegretto*

p misterioso *poco rall*

Humpty Dumpty had a great fall. All the king's horses &

p *f*

rall e dim *a tempo*

all the king's men Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty up a~gain

ff confuoco *ff*

D

Bake me a cake as fast as you can.

PAT-A-CAKE

Allegro

mf

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man

f *mf*

Ped Ped Ped Ped Ped

p. cres poco a poco

Bake me a cake as fast as you can. Prick it, and roll it, and

p cres poco a poco

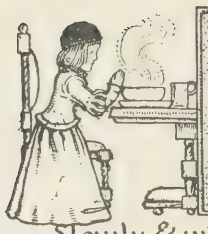
mark it with T; And bake in the oven for baby and me.

cres molto *f*

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, ba-ker's man!

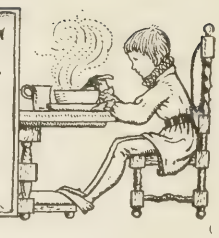
cres molto *f*

Ped Ped



A CHILD'S GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

WORDS BY HERRICK.



Slowly & with great simplicity

mf

Here a little child, I stand, Heaving up my either hand;

mf

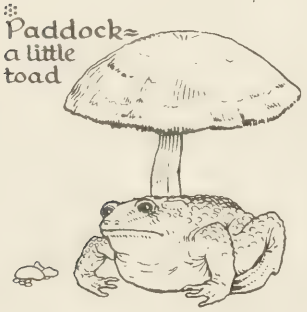
Cold as paddocks though they be, Here I lift them up to Thee

rall

For a ben~i~son to fall On our meat and on us all.~

rall

Paddock= a little toad



p

A ~~~~~ men.

p

~ or a little frog

LITTLE HORNER

Moderato

mf

Little Jack Hor-ner

mf

Ped Ped Ped

sat in a corner Eating his Christmas pie He

Ped Ped

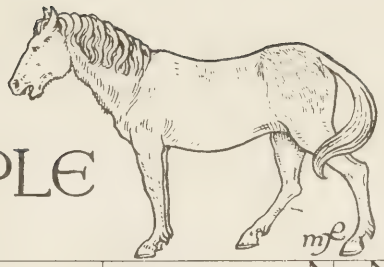
put in his thumb, and he pulled out a plum, And said

cres *pp*

what a good boy am I, am I, am I, am I~~~

To ride a mile away.

DAPPLE GREY



Moderato

mf

I had a little po-ny, and I

mf

cres

Agitato

called him Dapple Grey. I lent him to a la-dy to ride a mile a-way. She

cres

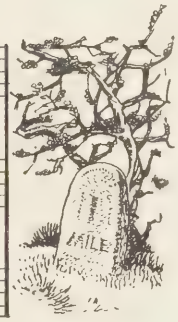
Agitato

cres

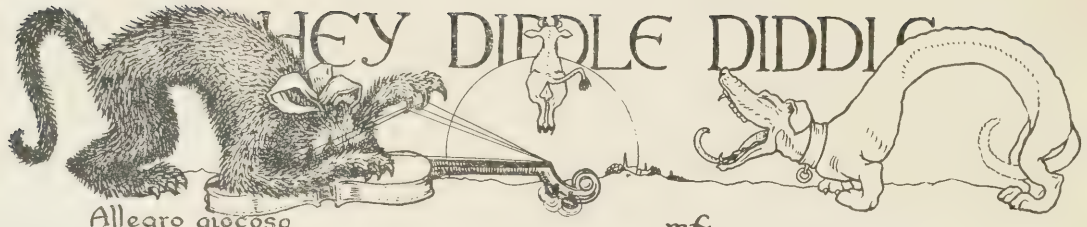
whipped him, she slashed him, she rode him through the mire! I'll

cres

never lend my pony for a-nother lady's hire.



HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE



Allegro giocoso

mf

Hey did-dle did-dle, The

f

mf

cat and the fid-dle The cow jumped over the moon, The

little dog laughed to see such sport, & the dish ran away with the

p

spoon - - - - - - A-way with the spoon!

p

cm. May 30 & 1985

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

M
1990
T47
O5
1912

Music